

RUGRATS

6 MINUTE PILOT SCRIPT

Written by

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SOUND OF A TOILET BEING FLUSHED.

FADE IN:

INT. PICKLES HOUSE - DAY

TOMMY PICKLES' POV THROUGH CRACK UNDER BATHROOM DOOR.

Feet shuffle around the bathroom. Sink water running, an elderly man humming.

Suddenly, A tiny hand pushes the door open.

POV SHIFTS to reveal forced perspective shot of the bathroom. From the floor, it is an enormous gleaming white, tile cathedral. Pan across the bathroom reveals first GRANDPA, who is drying his hands on a towel on the left side of the bathroom (from this pov, he appears to be a hundred feet tall). Next, we see the shower, then the sink, then the toilet, and then...

Suddenly, our attention is JERKED BACK to the toilet, which is still burbling and belching through its cycle. A ray of light glints off the handle, and angelic music fills the room.

CUT TO TOMMY PICKLES, a baby boy, on all fours who stares awe-struck and open-mouthed at the great object.

Ending its cycle, the toilet belches loudly.

Transfixed, Tommy reaches toward the bowl, as if trying to communicate with it. But before he can make contact, Grandpa swoops Tommy up and away from the toilet.

GRANDPA

Hold on there, little feller. This is no place for you.

INT. PICKLES DINING ROOM - DAY

Grandpa takes the boy through the dining room, where four or five adults drink coffee and socialize.

STU

Well, he's still mostly crawling, but he's started to walk a little bit. I figure another couple of months before Tommy starts talking. I can hardly wait for that.

Gramps addresses his son STU as he passes by.

GRANDPA

Hey, Stu. I found your boy about to go sage-belly in the water closet.

STU

Oh thanks, Pop...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Grandpa enters with Tommy.

STU (CONT'D O.C.)

(loud, from next room)

Just set Tommy down with Phil and Lil.

(back to the younger adults)

Anyway, Tommy's a brilliant kid, the smartest one I've ever seen--no offense, I mean Phil and Lil are bright--but Tommy's got a little extra something. You know what I mean? He's just special. I think he'll go into rocket science, or medicine or something.

STU (CONT'D O.C.) (CONT'D)

Let me tell you this one story. I walk into the rumpus room last month, and there's Tommy standing up in his play pen. Somehow, he managed to grab the end of the rail and lift himself up. He was just standing there smiling. It was so cute, I mean, this kid is gorgeous!

I don't mean to brag, but I think he's the most gorgeous kid I've ever seen. Maybe it's my genes--I dunno. Phil and Lil are great-looking kids, too, but Tommy...I just think he's extraordinarily beautiful. Maybe it's just a parent's thing, you know? You always think your kid's the most beautiful, at least I do.

He deposits the baby in a section of the living room that's been cordoned off as a play area. In the play area are PHIL and LIL, twins who, though not identical, are nearly impossible to tell apart; and the family dog.

While grandpa watches them, the rugrats gambol aimlessly, cooing and babbling; but as soon as he turns and walks back toward the adults in the dining room, the babies stop and stare at him fixedly. When they're sure he's out of earshot, Tommy and the other rugrats BEGIN TO TALK. They speak with the diction and vocabulary of six-year-old kids.

TOMMY

Hey, guess what just happened? I heard this noise from Grandpa's thinking room, so I snuck in there, and you know what I saw?

PHIL AND LIL

(simultaneously)

What?

TOMMY

(wide-eyed)

There's a big white thing in there!

The dog raises an eyebrow.

PHIL AND LIL

(simultaneously)

What is it?

TOMMY

I don't know, but it burped at me.

The dog's jaw drops.

PHIL

(to Lil, putting it together)

Oooh! Is that the thing I saw our dog drinking out of? I thought it was a big water dish.

The dog waves his head affirmatively.

TOMMY

(doubtfully)

I dunno...

LIL

I think it's a fish bowl.

The dog shakes his head doubtfully.

PHIL

(snotty)

A fish bowl!? There's no fish in that thing, Lillian.

LIL
 (snotty back)
 Well, I saw something swimming
 around in there, Philip.

TOMMY
 (stage whisper)
 I think it's alive...

The dog rolls his eyes. The other rugrats just stare at Tommy. Could he be right?

TOMMY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 ...like a person. Maybe when it
 was burping, it was trying to talk
 to me.

A beat. What now?

TOMMY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Tonight, I'm gonna go back in
 there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PICKLES HOUSE - NIGHT

Crickets chirping and the distant sound of traffic. Just a normal night.

INT. TOMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

STU and DIDI are tucking Tommy into his crib. From another room, we hear the muffled sound of late-night TV.

DIDI
 Sleep tight, Sweetie.

STU
 G'night, Champ.

They both hug Tommy, then Didi gives him a warm bottle of milk, which he starts to suck on. As Tommy falls asleep, Stu starts the musical mobile which hangs over Tommy's head. As cute nursery characters start to spin around. The mobile plays a tender, tinkling lullaby. Quietly, Stu and Didi tip-toe out, and close the door.

We pause for a beat on this gentle nursery scene.

A moment later, Tommy's hand WHIPS UP, grabbing the mobile and shutting off it's lullaby. Over this we hear voices from down the hall.

STU (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Well, G'night, Pop.

Tommy springs into action. Lifting up a teddy bear in the corner of his crib, Tommy removes a screw-driver he's hidden there.

DIDI (O.C.)
We're turning in.

With the screwdriver, Tommy unlatches the protective bars on the side of his crib, and they fall away.

ANGLE ON THE FLOOR JUST BELOW THE CRIB where Tommy lands on his feet with a thud.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tommy WALKS UNSTEADILY down the darkened hallway followed by OMINOUS SHADOWS.

Finally, he reaches the bathroom door which is slightly ajar, a sliver of light shining through. MUSIC STINGS as Tommy pushes open the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

TOMMY'S POV - there before him is the great, white toilet, no longer flushing. Angel music beckons him forward. Tommy knocks three times on the gleaming porcelain.

TOMMY
(as if talking to someone
who can't speak English)
IS ANYBODY HOME?

The toilet does not respond. After a moment, his eyes are drawn to the stainless steel handle, which glistens significantly.

Tommy notices a plunger next to the toilet. He leaps and grabs the handle toward the bottom, causing it to affix to the tile floor with a great squishing noise.

Although the plunger wobbles unsteadily, Tommy is able to climb hand over hand to the top.

The handle sways precariously. When it sways near the toilet Tommy leaps, landing with one foot on either side of the seat, facing the water closet.

TOMMY'S POV - a quick look down reveals the interior of the toilet - a dangerous, watery grave far below.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

YAAH!

Tommy loses his balance. As he falls forward, Tommy grabs the toilet handle to maintain his equilibrium, but the handle is forced downward by his weight. The toilet FLUSHES with a mighty roar.

Terrified, Tommy spots a towel on a rack near the plunger, and grabs it. The towel unravels and lands in the toilet bowl, clogging it and throwing Tommy even more off balance. Desperate for a foot hold, he steps onto the toilet paper roll, but slips as it starts to unravel.

Tommy leaps back onto the plunger handle. The momentum causes the handle to sway away from the toilet over toward the sink (on top of which is a tube of tooth paste and a tin of bubble bath powder).

As the plunger hangs there, Tommy gropes for a hand-hold, but succeeds only in turning the water on full-blast before the plunger whips him away from the sink, tangling him in toilet paper as it springs back toward the toilet.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(seeing the water rising
in the clogged toilet)

Yaah!

The plunger swings back toward the sink, and Tommy manages to grab onto the lip of it, letting go of the plunger (which immediately centers itself). Tommy's now suspended above the floor.

With one hand, he gropes for a better object to hold, and finding something, grabs on.

But it's the tooth paste tube. With a pop, the cap flies off, ricochets off the wall and back toward the sink, where it knocks the tin of bubble bath over. As tooth paste spews everywhere, bubble-bath foam starts to form and overflow the sink.

TOMMY'S POV OF THE FLOOR BELOW - it's a long, long way down.

But suddenly, THE FAMILY DOG enters the shot sniffing at some tooth paste just below Tommy. The Rugrat lets go and lands on top of the dog, who doesn't even react.

Bored with the paste, the dog saunters over to the toilet and calmly drinks from the water now overflowing onto the floor, then exits. Trying to maintain his balance, Tommy grabs the plunger as he passes by, but it comes loose in his hand.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The dog heads for the living room with Tommy riding on his back. With the toilet paper crown atop his head and plunger he wields like a lance, Tommy looks like a weary night returning from battle.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The dog enters the darkened living room where Grandpa sits in his easy chair watching a generic late-night Western movie. Stopping by Grandpa's side, the dog sits, allowing Tommy to slide off his back onto the floor. They all passively watch TV. After a moment, Grandpa reaches over and lovingly scratches the dog's head.

On TV, the talk show goes to a commercial.

NARRATOR (ON TV)

Hi! I'm Chareen for Squeaky
Chicken restaurants. Wanna know
what we've got in store for you?...

GRANDPA

(mumbling as he stands up)
Well, nature beckons.

He exits frame. Tommy and the dog continue watching TV.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...Our new Chicken half-pounder!

The other guys only give you a third of a pound in their chicken sandwich. And Yech, that's without Squeaky's special sauce!

So come in now and try our new chicken half-pounder! It's more chickenier! And, for a limited time only, we'll throw in a sack of fries and a medium soft drink of your choice for only six-ninety-nine between 5 and 7 p.m. It's Squeaky's eek-eek deal, and it's only at participating Squeaky Chicken Restaurants.

NARRATOR (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
So come on in! You'll squeak with
joy that you did!

The television cuts back to the Western. Just then, there's
a loud sound from off screen.

GRANDPA (O.C.)
JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT! STU! DIDI!
CALL A PLUMBER QUICK!

WE HEAR pandemonium as Stu, Didi, and Grandpa race around,
trying to cope with the off-screen bathroom disaster.
Unaffected, Tommy reaches for the remote control and switches
channels to a rock video. As the pandemonium continues, he
and the dog sway slightly to the music.

FADE OUT.